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PUCK



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

**B**Y THE WAY, isn't it about time that we were protected from the pauper airship builders of Europe?

AMERICANS insist on equal rights for all, special privileges for none. — *St. Louis Republican*.

In Fourth-of-July speeches, political platforms, and such like vehicles for superheated air.

"WE HAVE," pronounced Senator Aldrich, "within the past few years created many unnecessary bureaus." Very true—from the point of view of the powerful interests which Mr. Aldrich has long represented. Some of these "unnecessary bureaus" were created to look after the interests of the people of these United States, and in the discharge of their duties have impertinently pried into the little game which Mr. Aldrich's friends conduct for their own enriching. Naturally the Senator deprecates the expense of maintaining them.

THE May number of *Everybody's* contains a hot roast of the Weather Bureau, and makes out an excellent case against that most bureaucratic of bureaus. The average citizen regards the Weather Bureau as a joke, but it is pretty expensive fooling. The charge of lack of progress seems to be well founded.

THERE is assurance, more or less well defined, that President Taft and his Cabinet have for a motto, "Keep after the Trusts, and other things will take care of themselves."

MR. SCHWAB, so a Washington correspondent recently informed us, "simply called at the Capitol to pay his respects." Evidently Mr. Schwab is not so generous as Mr. Archbold.

THERE HAS BEEN, of late, a good deal of gun-play by females in Gotham. Does Woman demand the bullet as well as the ballot?

SPEAKING in opposition to an income tax, Senator Aldrich recently said: "No further additional taxes are needed. The imposition of other taxes under these conditions would not only be unwise, but

unjust and prejudicial to the interest of the great people we represent."

Names of the great people, please.

THE SICK MAN of the East is dead! Long live the Sick Man of the East!

"SENATOR MCLAURIN, in discussing the proposed tax on hides, declared that he would not support any amendment taxing hides that did not include the goat."

The consumer is the goat!

A FORTHCOMING publication, entitled *The Cat in History, Legend, and Art*, is announced. Will it, asks a vulgar anti-Suffragette, contain a chapter on "The Cat in Politics"? — *Punch*.

By Carrie Chapman Catt?

UNLESS there is to be honest, downward revision of the Tariff which will reduce the cost of living, why revision at all? — *The World*.

Why? To fool the consumer and make a new distribution of unearned profits.



MOTHER LOVE.  
THE BIRDIES GET A WORM.



# THE NEAR-SIGHTED LADY AND THE UNSANITARY KID.



Mrs. BUSYBODY.—Child! child! Don't you know better than to keep a baby so covered up? She 'll suffocate!



"Most unhealthy! Why, the child can't breathe!"



"So unsanitary! What was your Ma thinking of? The idea!"

## THE PRESENT HOUR.

ONCE UPON a time there was a beautiful young girl with a fickle disposition and a Puritan conscience.

And she became acquainted with a handsome young man possessing an ardent nature.

After they had known each other a week, and he was beginning to make love to her, she said:

"I'm awfully sorry to tell you about it; but it really isn't safe to fall in love with me. You see, I'm really honest, and, therefore, must speak. But the fact is, I am terribly fickle. I just can't help it. I like you very much—for the present. But in a short time—in a few days—I shall begin to get tired of you. I thought you ought to know about this beforehand. I wouldn't cause any needless suffering to any human creature. That is why I speak frankly."

"Are you the kind," inquired the young man, "that encourages a fellow in every way, and then, without the slightest warning, just throws him over?"

"Yes, that's it. You see, I can't help it. I was born that way. I have never dared to get married—even in a hurry—for if I did I might get tired of my husband, and wouldn't that be terrible? I assure you it's a very distressing defect."

"Have n't you tried to do anything about it?" asked the young man. "Perhaps you could be cured. There are so many cures for everything nowadays. You could go to a



MRS. B.—Why, bless my soul, there ain't any baby here!  
LITTLE LIZZIE.—No'm. Ma washes for Mrs. Terhune, an' these is her clean clothes. I'm takin' 'em home.

sanitarium—I know of several good ones. Then there is mental science—perhaps that would be best. They do really extraordinary things."

"But the funny part is that I don't want to be cured! I realize that it is very bad, of course; but I get so much pleasure out of it that I simply can't give it up. For example, my conscience has just prompted me to tell you this, and to warn you; but all the time I am secretly hoping that you won't take my advice. If you only would fall desperately in love with me! You see, I have a craving to throw you over. And this is even worse now, because, having warned you beforehand, I don't feel any responsibility about it."

The young man was very thoughtful for a while. Finally he turned to her and said: "Very well. As long as it is understood, I shall, of course, abide by the consequences. In the meantime, there is not a moment to lose!" He put his arms sternly around her.

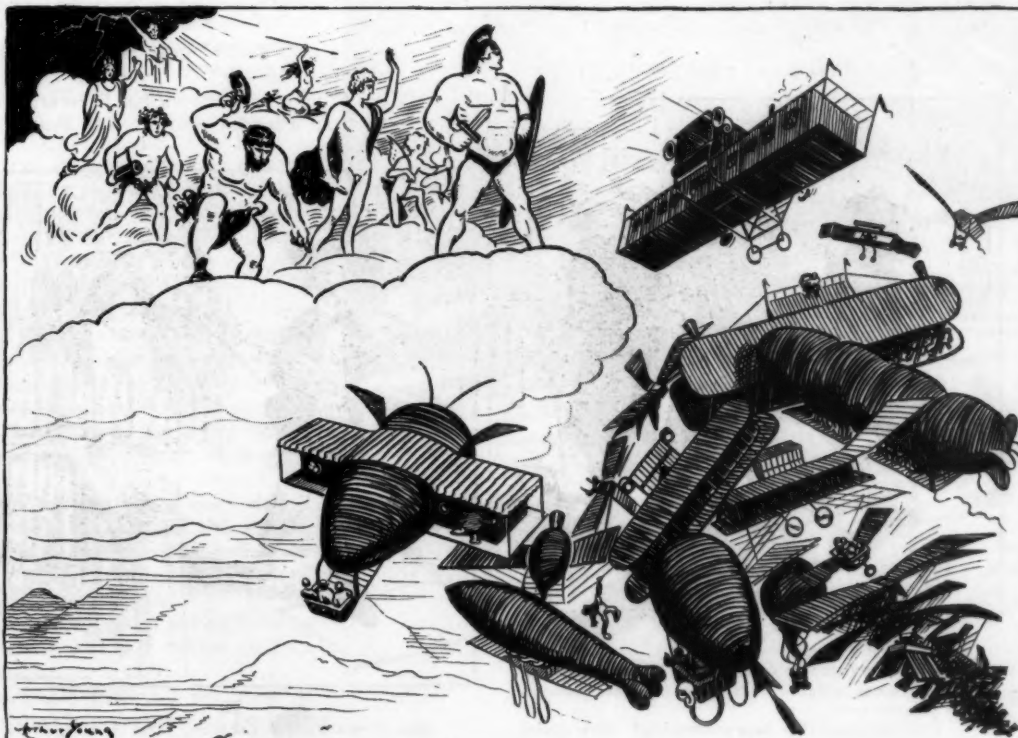
"Let us make the most of the present," he

said, beginning to kiss her with railroad speed. "I am no pessimist, looking forward to the future with doleful eyes. On the contrary, I believe in taking no thought for the morrow. I love you! I love you! You are the sweetest, dearest—"

And as she sank back she whispered:

"My conscience protests, but my fickle disposition says that there isn't any harm in it, inasmuch as I shall probably be tired of you to-morrow. But oh, why did it take a whole week?"

T. L. Masson.



YE GODS!

THE INVASION OF OLYMPUS.

THE HARD-HANDED CUSS.

**W**E WUZ sittin' down in Pete McMuggin's saloon playin' a friendly game of ten-cent limit when he came in. An' he sure wuz a bird; a reg'lar South-in-the-Winter-truck-ridin' bird.

Pete wuz dealin', an' when he starts to get up the tramp says, in a voice that sounds like a coon sweepin' off a rag-carpet, kinda swishy-like: "Any chance fer a game, gents?"

We wuz some surprised, not to say amused, and Suds Ruff says, kinda sarcastic: "We're playin' cards, mister, an' fer money; real money."

"You don't say so!" says the tramp, lookin' amazed. "I thought maybe you wuz makin' kimonos fer the Esquimaux; but if yer only playin' cards I'm in right. Gents, I wuz playin' solitaire with the spots on the wall-paper in me nursery before I wuz three weeks old. An' I got money, too; real Uncle Sam signed money." An' he takes out a dirty two-dollar bill.

"Beer money," whispers Pete, winkin', an' we let him sit down.

There wuz four of us when the Boe came in; me, an' Pete who owns the place; Suds Ruff, called Suds because he won't drink nothin' but beer; an' Spender Mueller because he don't. We wuz all good poker players, an' with four of us against him the tramp did n't have a chance.

Pete asks him to have a drink. Pete is one of them generous cusses that always gives a feller a drink before he cleans him out.

"What'll you have?" asks Biff the barkeep, preparin' to spring a sample of his fancy names fer drinks, which is some weird an' extensive.

"Some syrup of sin," chirps the Boe, before Biff gets a chance to go on.

This wuz a new one on Biff, but bein' Irish, an' there with the answer, he sez: "A Panama, I suppose?" meanin' a glass half-full.

"Not the same, son; fill'er right up to the Ar'tic Circle an' don't leave no room fer the Roosevelt to get lost in."

Biff wuz so darned pleased to get hold of some new ones that he brings the tramp a whisky that's runnin' over the top of the glass. Anybody who could drink that much of Pete's Alcoholic Iodine in a day an' not have mummification wuz no mortal man.

"Drink up," sez Spender, gettin' ready to laugh when he strangles himself. The stranger took the glass an' laid it on his lower lip; then took it down—empty. It sure wuz an' awe-inspirin' an' astonishin' feat, an' he left us all gaspin' fer breath. The Boe took in three or four pots of a dollar-ersoapiece before we recovered.

Then Pete kinda turned his hand round so I could see it, an' he had three kings. I had the other an' I slipped it



WONDERFUL FORETHOUGHT.

MOTHER.—George, what in the world are you doing?

GEORGE.—I'm—

MOTHER.—I should think a man who is going to be married in a week would have more dignity.

GEORGE.—That's just it, mother. You see, I'm practicing on this old dress of sister's so I can look my bride up the back.

over to him when the tramp wuzn't lookin'. The Boe took four cards, an' I knew we wuz safe. I drew three an' Pete one. I stayed in to make the tramp put in ten cents more every time, because Pete would divide up; that bein' the custom in all games like this. Suds wuz to get the tramp talkin', fer it's a well-known scientific fact that a man can't talk an' play poker; an' Spender wuz to see that he came up every time.

"Did you ever work?" asks Suds, hopin' to get the tramp to tell us the story of his life.

"Work?" he chirps, "work has been my life-long friend, an' it saved me from a fearful death." He brushed his eyes with his sleeve an' pushed

a quarter in the pot without lookin' what he wuz doin'; an' we knew we had him goin'.

"How wuz that?" asks Suds, drawin' him on.

"Gents, it wuz like this. When I wuz young I started to learn haddin', that bein' better than any other trade, because there wuz twice as much money when you wuz workin' an' twice as much time when you wuz loafin'.

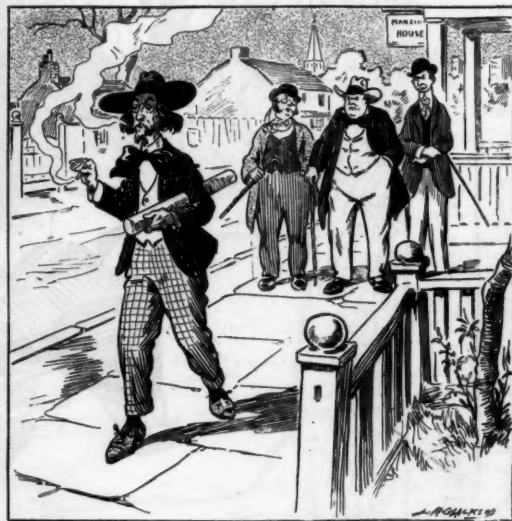
OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



I.

MR. TOWNINGTON (showing his guests the sights).—Here comes Indigo. He's one of our most prosperous painters—

THE GUESTS.—Oh, how interesting! How quaint these artists dress! Such marks of genius! See how the artistic temperament stands out all over him! Some people might call his dress affectation, but to me it simply is the unconscious expression of a great personality, etc., etc.



II.

MR. TOWNINGTON (showing signs of vertigo).—Yes, as I was saying, he's one of our most prosperous painters and paper-hangers. He did over our back parlor last fall and—

THE GUESTS.—Don't it beat the deuce what apes some of these tradesmen make of themselves!





EXPLAINED.

MARY JANE.—  
What makes you  
so black, Tilda?

TILDA.—You'd be  
black, too, if you was born  
at midnight, in a dark room,  
and had a black fadder and a black mammy!

When I wuz twenty I wuz blockin'. Say, gents, did you ever block hats in a hat-shop? No? Well, when you work at it a couple of months yer hands feel like a bushel of oyster shells an' look like the Rock of Gibraltar after a heavy rain. Most blockers put their hands on a grindstone every month er so to keep them soft; but I did n't; I let them go, an' when I'd been workin' three years my hands got so hard I used to amuse myself by drivin' nails with 'em.

"One night I wuz thrown out of a box-car by a couple of burly freight-fracturers, an' I landed plumb on my hands an' started to slide before I could turn right side up. Say, gents, did you ever fall out of a balloon? No? Well, that's like goin' down in a freight elevator compared with slidin' down an eighty-foot bank on yer hands. Honest, I went so blamed fast my hands began to sizzle an' smell like a tannery yard on a wet night. If I'd ever landed on my feet they'd been worn off.

"I finally landed at the bottom, all in, with my head jumpin' like a midnight local on the Third Avenue L. Dark? Gents, I've been in places where it wuz so dark the only way you could see anything wuz to close yer eyes. But that wuz blindin' sunlight alongside of this. I struck a match to get my bearin's, and then I'll be darned if I did n't have to light another to see if it wuz burnin'. So I gave it up an' went to sleep.

"The next mornin' I walked down the track a half mile er so; pryin' rocks out of my hands with a railroad spike that got stuck in my thumb durin' my wild slide fer life, when I came to a city consistin' of a blacksmith shop and an emporium fer eggs, groceries, patent medicine, an' plows. I wuz goin' past the village iron bender's shop when a guy rushed out an' grabbed me by the arm. I did n't play 'Put me to sleep' on his vest buttons; first, because he didn't have a vest, an', second, because he wuz about seven foot tall an' had a face that looked like pictures you see of the bottom of the ocean with the sea-weed wavin'.

"I want you," he sez, pressin' me up close to his red an' black flannel shirt and ticklin' my face with his wind resisters.

"I'm a respectable hatter," I sez, tryin' to break away, fer I did n't like the smell of his leather spark-shield.

"Don't make no difference," he persists, "I need you."

"Then he tells me about it. It seems the Governor wuz drivin' through the town when his nag lost a shoe. Bein' the only party with a full an' complete assortment of horse's footwear in stock he gets the job. 'Course that's a great honor, but the horse chiropodist is in some fool bet not to drink, and the Gov. 'll natch-erly ask him to have one. He can't refuse him an' he can't lose his bet; so I'm to be the main gink an' get the drink an' two dollars besides.

"Gents, I let them blessed words go all through me an' I wuz a new man. I wuz his to walk on, roll er jump on after that. He gave me the deuce of dollars an' I started in. My hands wuz so hard I did n't need the tongs to hold the red-hot iron, an' we got together fine; me holdin' an' him bangin' away with his sixteen-pound sledge. Every time he hit the piece I wuz holdin' the ground jumped up an' down like the floor in the Hatters' Rest seems to on a Sunday mornin' about 12:16.

"Then the Ship of State Steerer pops in the door. 'Have a drink, smithy,' he sez, 'an' bring yer helper along, too.'

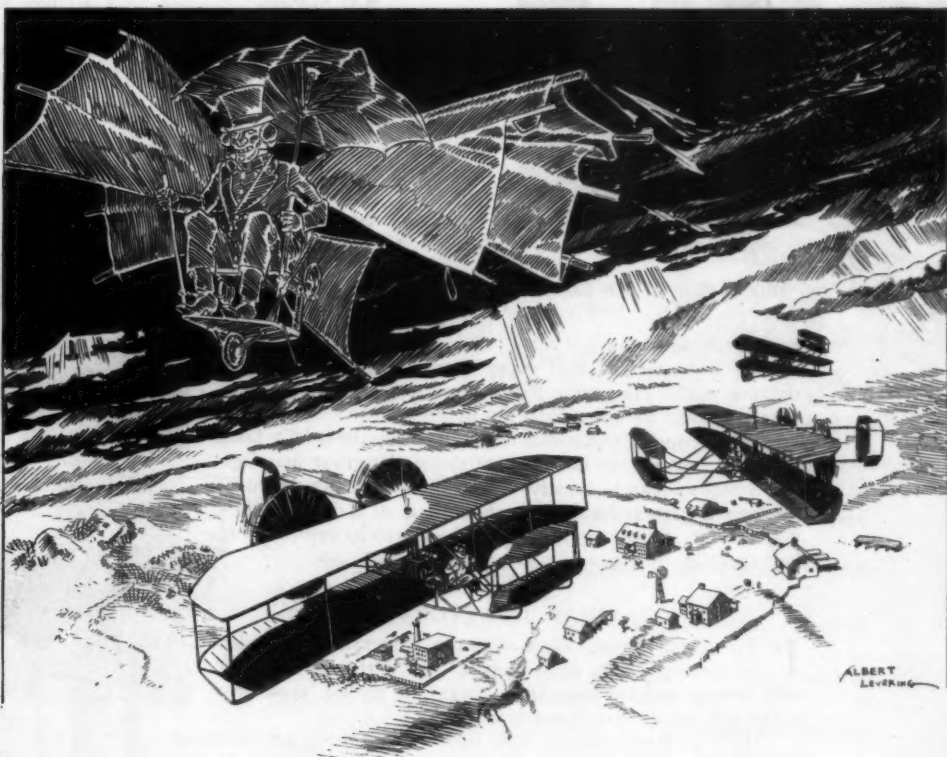
"I looked up an' seen that sledge comin' down full force, an' before I knew it that darn bellers-squeezer hit the hand I wuz holdin' on the anvil to steady myself with. He lets out a screech an' does a back flip-flop an' lands right in the white-light district of the Governor's silk tie. Then the anvil falls apart, an', honest, gents, there wuz the shape of my hand in the steel as pretty as if it wuz carved. I never waited to get no further returns, but grabbed the sledge an' gave an exhibit of goin' that would make a bullet look like the dyin' crawl of a one-legged centipede.

"Stealin' that hammer wuz the first dishonest thing I ever done, an' I'm goin' back to square up. I'll call you, gents."

I'd fergot all about the blamed poker game. I looked around



A POKE BONNET.



THE PIONEER.

SHADE OF DARIUS GREEN.—These aeroplane fellows have n't got anything on me!

**A** fool and his money are soon spotted.

# The Viewpoint



TIME was when I was handicapped  
To clasp my sweetheart's waist,  
For I was ever short and stout  
While Kate grew up in haste.  
But the latest Spring-time fashion  
This trouble has erased.

For all the ladies up-to-date  
Quite stylishly are gowned  
In all the latest fashions with  
The waist-line near the ground—  
Now I can walk with Katie dear,  
My arm her waist around.

Don Cameron Shafer.



an' there wuz everybody sittin' dumb, with all the money in the center of the table.

"Pair of Peaches," I sez, kinda bracin' up.  
"Four Men," sez Pete, reachin' fer the money.  
"The same in Aces," chimes the tramp, an' rakes in the pot.  
That took me all in a heap; but do you know I was n't so darned sorry, 'cause the Boe wanted to square up fer that hammer. It kinda made me feel cheap fer tryin' to flim him.  
"What did you do with the sledge?" asks Suds, anxious like, an' we all waited breathless.

The tramp pushed back his chair an' got up.

"Gents," he sez, "my hand spoiled the darn thing; it wuz so flattened out I sold it fer a spade."

We all sat dazed fer a few minutes, an' did n't even say good-bye when he went out. Then Spender sez, like he wuz just wakin' up:

"Fellers, I had a pair of aces goin' in."

We come to with a rush an' looked at the six aces, two that the tramp had slipped in when we wuz n't lookin', an' swore. *Clinton H. Stagg.*



SAYING THINGS BEHIND HER BACK.

## MARRIAGE.

WE MAY sneer at marriage all we like, but what in the world should we ever do without it?

Marriage is the prior fact to widows and orphans, the bulwark of our financial system.

Do you speak of finer things? Then marriage it is which affords ground for divorce, and divorce supplies our actresses with temperament for the emotional rôles, while as for the staple of the drama, it is certain that many extreme psychological situations would fall pretty flat if there were no marriage to create scandal by being held too lightly.

And, coming to matters of highest import, it is a fact, however contrary to the popular impression, that marriage has a part to play in society. Provided it doesn't degenerate into a pretext for having children, it is a distinct convenience in those elevating activities which engross our best people.

## WHAT IS REFORM?

IN POLITICS, turning the Government over to the tender mercies of people who imagine that if the police were only honest and fearless, hades might be raided 'most any night and the devil put out of business.

In Theology, making, from time to time, such advances on the old order as will enable the fit to survive without having to give up their pews.

In Business, discovering, at the psychological moment, an adequate scapegoat, and sending him forth laden with those of our sins that are no longer commercially profitable.

In nearly all fields of human endeavor, something of a convenience. For there is almost always that element of sincerity in it which will make it a stalking-horse to cover designs needing to be covered.

Ramsey Benson.

## HER REASON.

"THE reason that Belle Married Billie," said Lillian, "Was simply because He was rated a million."

"The panic came on In a very short season. Then Bill lost his cash, And Belle lost her reason."

Ironquill.

## IN LINE OF DUTY.

"BUT WHY should we grant a pension to this California State Senator for throat affection?" inquired the minority leader of the Committee on Pensions.

"Because it's the result of ponderous platitudes uttered during the war between California and Japan!" replied the chairman.

## A LAST REQUEST.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.—You got anything to say before we strangle you up?

BAD BUGGINS (*the Condemned*).—If it ain't too much trouble, I'd like to have you trim the end o' the rope where it's frayed. It tickles me neck.



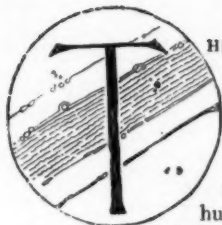
BY WIRELESS PHOTOGRAPHY.

SNAPPING HIM IN THE ACT OF TAMING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

**The woman with ineradicable hips has at least the satisfaction of knowing that, were it not for such as she, the present styles would confer real distinction on nobody.**



THE ENGAGEMENT BREAKER.



THE most curious thing about this individual is that you have never yet been able to convince him that he is wrong. If he is late on the corner, while you are gradually getting pneumonia; if he fails to arrive at the dinner table until the roast has blackened in the oven; if he just misses his train and the incident costs you two hundred-dollars' worth of time and trouble, the fault is never his. It was rather unfortunate for you, of course; but how much worse was it for him! Nothing can convince him that he is not the real sufferer. Consequently, if you attempt to point out to him his fault; if you remind him that he has really committed a dishonest act, he becomes not only angry, but hurt. The injustice of your criticism cuts him to the heart. There is only one thing to do with the man who never punctually keeps an engagement, and that is to avoid him. This is oftentimes hard, because he is more than likely to be the best fellow in the world in all other respects. His nature is kindly, sympathetic, and so human that the moment you are with him, the strange gap in his character seems to close up—until the next time. Thus, because you really love him, you permit him over and over again to fool you.

But in the end you will have to part company with him. At first you will treat it as a joke; then you will be enraged; and at last you will resign yourself to the inevitable.

The trouble in the man who never keeps an engagement lies in the fact that his weakness is really fundamental; that is, it proceeds from the same inherent defect that makes a man become addicted to opium or to whisky. After a while he gets so that he craves the excitement of leaving his friend in the lurch, and afterward of resenting his friend's criticism. You may oftentimes detect this in the enthusiasm with which he makes an engagement; his eye glows with the anticipation of what is to come. He even fools himself at the moment, for he actually believes that he will be on the spot when he says he will. You leave him with a sort of hope-springs-eternal feeling in your breast, that perhaps after all you have misjudged him; his manner was so earnest this time that you cannot but believe he will surely be there.

Later, when you approach him in the usual manner, and ask him his reason for not being present, he replies, in the most injured way in the world: "My dear boy, how could I be there when——" It matters not what the excuse is. It is always sufficient to the man who never keeps an engagement.

Hamilton Pope Galt.



IN THE COMING YEARS.

PEDESTRIAN.—By golly, if there ain't an automobile! I have n't seen one of them for an age.



AT THE STAGE ENTRANCE.

TOTTIE TWINKLETOES.—How much are these, Kiddo?

THE KIDDO.—Youse kin have 'em for nothin' if yer'll put a line in de program readin': "Vi'lets by Maggie Mooney."

THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE Hudson River consists of two strips of advertisements as far as the eye can reach, inclosing a body of water filled with tug-boats, microbes, and floating folks of other descriptions.

Henry Hudson first discovered this famous river, on his way to Troy, to leave his collars and cuffs to be laundered after a long sea-voyage.

Stepping ashore at the foot of Twenty-third Street, he gave orders to put up at a city that, for magnificence and corruption, should never be equaled, and then he passed to West Point, started a parade-ground, and then rested at Albany, where he opened the bureau of franchises, otherwise known as the State legislature.

No doubt in the near future the Hudson will be used as a racecourse for aeroplanes. At present it is occupied with the duty of keeping New Jersey apart from New York.

Tom Mosson.



FINANCIAL NOTES.

SEVERAL TRAINS on the Erie were omitted yesterday owing to its inability to negotiate the necessary loans.

The Union Pacific Railroad was sold about four times on the Stock Exchange to-day.

The Erie expects to pay a dividend one of these days if it succeeds in floating a loan.

The public was not in the market yesterday. There is no reliable information as to just where it was.

The Erie has a note due at the bank to-morrow, and will probably be a little late with some of its trains.

Watch this column. We publish inside information every day.

A great many more shares were sold to-day than were bought.

THE PIPES OF PAN.

A SPRING PHANTASY.

"I SEE Senator Platt is writing his reminiscences." "Pshaw! It seems to me it's about time to let up on this muck-raking business."



THE PUCK PRESS

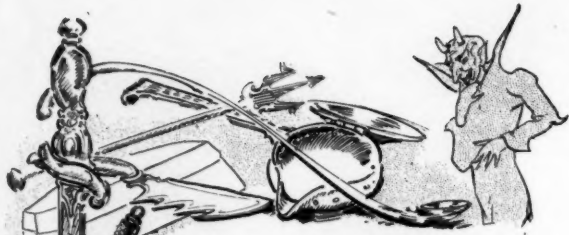
THE MASTER OF THE





TER OF THE HOUNDS.

# PUCK



## OUR WEDDING GRAFT.

THERE WERE boxes from the silversmith of every sort and size,  
Containing a collection such as never mortal eyes  
Conceived that any human brain could possibly devise  
To inflict upon an unsuspecting man.

A dozen "Chocolate Muddlers" came; we set them in a row;  
A pair of "Pudding Pickers"—or, at least, she called them so;  
A "Scoop" and a "Spreader" and a few you could n't know  
Unless you had a drawing or a plan.

We received a "Pastry Pusher" with a polish up to date,  
And a solid "Salad Sifter" we suspect is triple plate,  
And a "Macaroni Musser" that could only emanate  
From the fancy of a badly-balanced brain.

Then we got a "Custard Server" which an unforgiving friend,  
In a far-from-Christian spirit, had the hardihood to send;  
And when a "Turnip Tosser" came, along about the end,  
My reason fairly tottered from the strain.

So, when she took the wrappings off and eagerly displayed  
A cross between a battle-ax, a putter, and a spade,  
I tried to look unshaken, but I did n't, I'm afraid,  
Till she clasped her hands in ecstasy and cried:

"Now, isn't that a darling! And so sweet of Mrs. Brown.  
It's exactly what I wanted; they're the latest thing in town.  
Just imagine my forgetting at the first to put her down,  
When I'd really like to have her come, beside!"

When I ventured to inquire what perchance might be the use  
Of that weird and war-like weapon, she replied: "You silly goose,  
It's a special spoon constructed just for serving charlotte russe;  
I should think that you could recognize a spoon!"

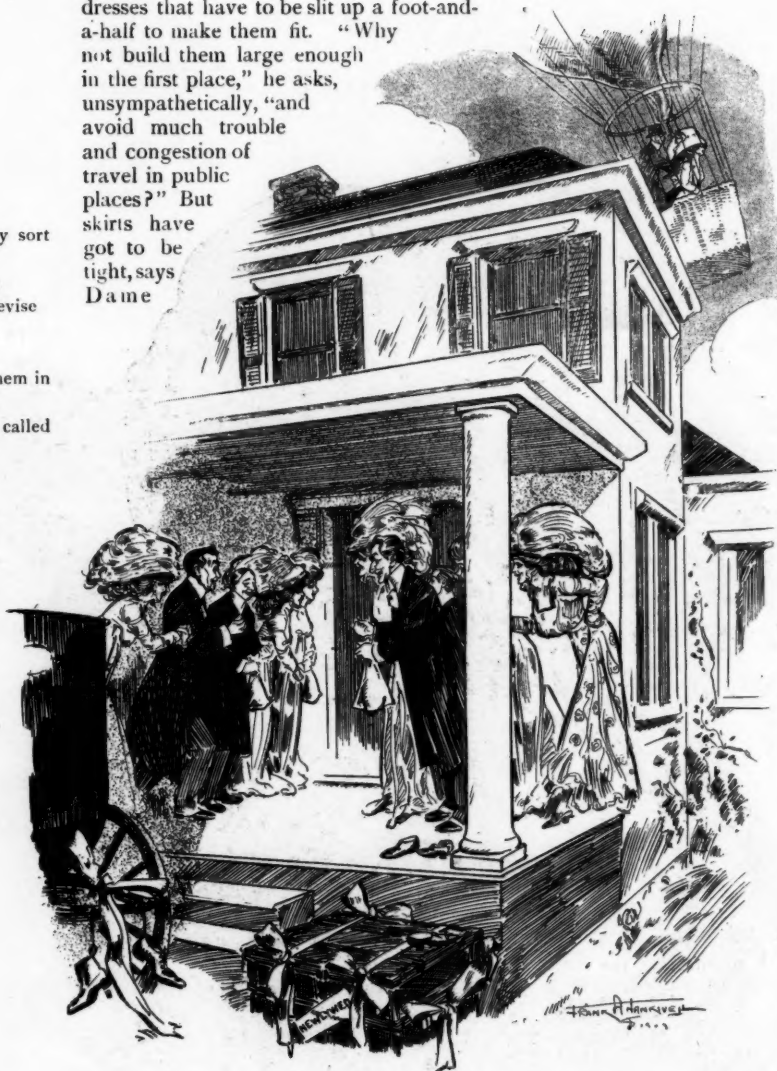
I explained the only reason why I couldn't figure out  
What the purpose of the lady and her loot was all about,

Was because for just a moment I had had a horrid doubt  
That perhaps she might be "throwing the harpoon."  
—Frank Hill Phillips.

## PEDESTRIANISM BY HAND.

AS SKIRTS are becoming more constricted every year, it is very evident that the time is approaching when ladies will be unable to use their feet for purposes of pedestrianism or dancing. The device of leaving one seam open to the knee does not appeal to Mr. Commissioner Bingham, who, being an official of hard common sense, insists that it is an open violation of police regulations, as well as an example of utter fatheadedness, to buy

dressess that have to be slit up a foot-and-a-half to make them fit. "Why not build them large enough in the first place," he asks, unsympathetically, "and avoid much trouble and congestion of travel in public places?" But skirts have got to be tight, says Dame



## WAITING FOR THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

Fashion, and limbs must be kept under cover, say the authorities, and so everything, including the girls, is at present at a standstill.

Now, the only possible course for the devotees of the sheath gown to take, seems to be to learn to walk on their hands. In these days of physical culture this accomplishment is easy of attainment. Anybody who attends polite vaudeville knows with what grace lady acrobats walk, skip, and waltz about with their hands doing duty as pedal extremities. There has never been any law to compel the owners of hands and arms to keep them covered up, and so our society girls might saunter along the streets with short sleeves and have no fear of police interference. Their skirts could be as close-fitting as a glove, and their waist-line around their ankles—a position it has long been aiming to reach.  
—Geo. A. Elder.

## TRIALS OF HODGE.

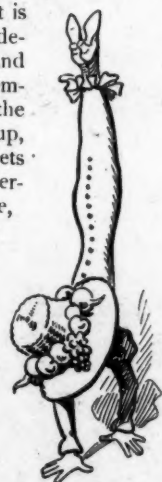
MRS. HODGE, I am glad to hear good reports of your husband. They say he abstains from drink religiously.

"Oh, sir, not religiously, I'm afraid! There do be times when his language be dreadful, sir!"

## HORRORS OF WAR.

MISS GUSH.—Colonel, were you ever in many tight places during the last unpleasantness?

COL. BINKS.—Madam, I have camped in three Cuban hotels!



## A FASHIONABLE CUT.

SWIPSEY.—Hey, Red, we'll see dis game like a guy in de gran' stand. Here's a sheath fence.

**A** woman in a little town should be very sure of her character before she ventures to look well in the latest styles.



# PUCK



TEMPUS FUGIT.

## FROM THE POLKVILLE WEEKLY CLARION.

OUR WORTHY young friend, Cuthbert Spradlin, requests us to contradict for him the rumor, which has gained wide circulation and considerable credence, that the little *faux pas* which he committed on the stage during the amateur theatrical performance last Wednesday night, while he was playing the *Baron* and Mrs. Psyche Prout (the charming widow of the late Hon. Geo. A. Prout, who, as our readers will doubtless recall, was shot about a year ago by a life-long friend, whose excuse, if we remember correctly, was that he had mistaken the Hon. Geo. A. for a catamount) was impersonating the *Countess* in an extremely realistic way, for the benefit of the Public Library fund—a most worthy object inaugurated by the Ladies of the Social Circle and enthusiastically carried forward by our best young people—we emphatically say, after the most rigid investigation, that Cuthbert is not that kind of a young man; but, on the contrary, is a most estimable gentleman in addition to being one of the best barbers we have ever had in our midst, and an ornament to our most exclusive society.

The true facts are that, at the critical moment in the drama, just as Cuthbert, as the *Baron*, was in the act of springing forward to embrace the *Countess*, Constable Slackputter, who was filling the onerous position of opera-house policeman, and had been for some time asleep in his seat in the first row in the balcony, started up,

while still in the arms of Morpheus, and attempted to fall headlong over the railing and on to a number of our best citizens below; but, fortunately, some of his many friends were at hand and seized him by the lower limbs with rare presence of mind as he fell three-quarters of the way overboard, and held him in an inverted position until they could draw him up again, during which interval a pint bottle of liquor, which the gallant officer declares he was preserving as evidence against a certain chronic law-breaker, slipped from his pocket and fell upon the unhappy head of Judge Ramsbottom; whereon, as His Honor's locks are just a trifle thin on top, it burst and shattered, causing the worthy jurist, who was dozing at the time, to imagine that he was attacked by Night Riders, and to spring up like a tiger and lay about him with his cane—unfortunately, we regret to say, to the discomfort of those with whom it came in contact.

This episode so disturbed the equivoque of our young friend Cuthbert, who was, as we have just explained, in the throes of springing forward to embrace and kiss the *Countess*, that he tangled his toe in the handsome Persian rug, loaned for the occasion by I. Knozenbaum, the enterprising proprietor of the Golden Rule Store (see advt. of Grand Annual Closing-Out Sale in another column), and tumbled forward, and instead of inflicting the expected caress upon the *Countess's* blushing countenance, bit her on the nose, causing her to cry out sharply and inadvertently sit down on the floor.

Mrs. Prout is quite *svelte* and willowy, yet not so much so but that the thud, although thoroughly lady-like, was enough, when coupled with her startled scream, together with the eloquent remarks of Judge Ramsbottom and the surprised inquiries of Constable Slackputter, who

could not for the nonce determine where he was at, to come perilously near precipitating a panic; but fortunately the majority of the audience, instead of being frightened at thus being somewhat rudely awakened, concluded that something comical had taken place, and applauded liberally, thus averting all danger.

The above is a clear and impartial explanation of the episode, and we trust will be sufficient to still the hydra-headed tongue of slander, which we are sorry to confess occasionally springs up in our midst, and exonerate Cuthbert completely from any intentional misbehavior in the matter.

The play was a signal success.

Tom P. Morgan.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"ALL RIGHT behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car. "Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

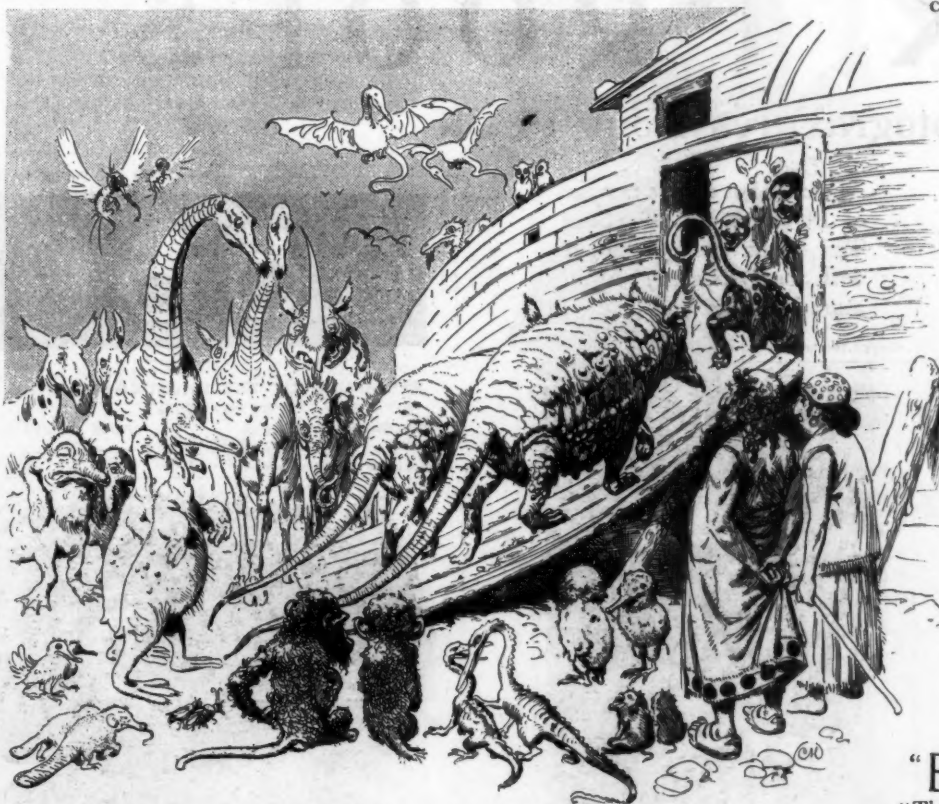
## IN THE RESTAURANT.

"BRIDGER must be nervous. He's changed his seat seven times since I came in."

"The poor fellow can't help it. He has attended so many progressive card-parties that whenever he hears the cash-register bell ring he thinks it means to move on to the next table!"



VOTING BOOTH FOR WOMEN.



THE ANIMALS THAT NOAH KNEW.

"HIGHER CRITICISM" HAS DECIDED THAT THEY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MODERN TYPES.



**PHILIP MORRIS**  
ORIGINAL LONDON  
CIGARETTES

All good people  
like them. Near-  
ly all good peo-  
ple smoke them

In Little Brown Boxes

CAMBRIDGE  
the regular size

AMBASSADOR  
after-dinner size

**PLATTING A PLANET.**

"He has a mighty strong imagina-  
tion for a real-estate dealer."

"Yes. He'd lay out an allotment  
on Mars and get husky cracking up the  
canal privileges."—*Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.*

**IS IT TRUE, GIRLS?**

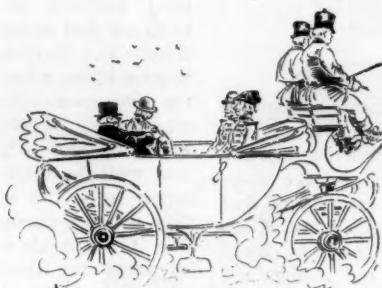
"Say, Pa, what's a sheath skirt?"

"That's the kind that has to be put  
on with a shoe-horn."—*Lippincott's.*

# White Rock

**"The World's Best Table Water"**

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



**IN AMERICA.**

"Wherever I was invited in America, always  
there was a crowd. Everybody seemed to be  
present."

"Everybody and his wife?"

"No, another peculiar thing—everybody and  
her husband."

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with  
a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an  
appetite. At all druggists.

**50 YEARS  
AGO**

Men drank to the  
health of fair women  
in brimming glasses  
of Cook's Imperial.  
Then, as now, no bet-  
ter could be had

1859-1909

THE  
**GOLDEN  
JUBILEE**

OF  
**COOK'S  
IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY  
CHAMPAGNE**

SHE (indignantly).—You had no  
business to kiss me!

HE.—But it was n't business; it was  
pleasure.—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

**BARBERS MAKE SIDE MONEY**

The best thing out. Travel anywhere and make  
good money. Write at once.

SEDELKE & COMPANY DEPT. 12, ELYRIA OHIO

**THE ANNOUNCEMENT FOLLOWED.**

SHE.—They say there are germs in  
kisses. Now, what do you suppose a  
girl could catch that way?

HE.—A husband!—*Ladies' Home  
Journal.*

# PUCK PROOFS

**Photogravures from PUCK**

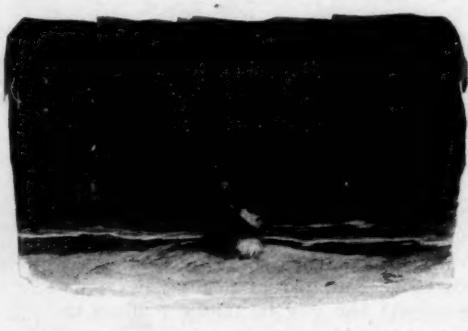
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**THE LOVE SCENE.**  
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.  
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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**A SUMMER CONSTELLATION.**  
By Gordon H. Grant.  
Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.  
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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of PUCK PROOFS. Send  
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with over Seventy Mini-  
ature Reproductions.

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By George Blake.  
Photogravure in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.  
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**EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.**  
By Stef Clarke.  
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PRICE 25 CENTS.

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**SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.**  
By E. Frederick.  
Photogravure in Sepia, 10 x 15 in.  
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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## SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures. A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.  
THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT IN THIS ROOM."

MONDAY NIGHT.—Took command of the army under eight elms to-night in Dedham. Dedicated nine headquarters in South Framingham. Slept in six different bedrooms around Lexington. My hostesses insisted on my using as many towels as possible so that they could save them for their grandchildren. Got to the Warren House in Middlesex Fells at two, and being late I did n't trouble about pajamas, but merely removed the lace from my cockade before turning in. I got a half an hour here (rickety bed) and left at 3:13 for my last house to-night.

TUESDAY.—Up bright and early and was godfather to a brace of twins in Concord. Drank out of 37 teacups this afternoon. Tried the same with steins in Waltham. Lafayette and I went in town to-night, had six dinners on Brattle Street, and then hurried to my first bed at Milton at 8:59.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"EXCUSE ME," said the new barber, when Mr. M'Gargle was seated in the chair, "but have you a mug here?"

"O' hov," replied M'Gargle. "Ye'll find it at the top av me neck, ferninst th' back av me head."—*Tit-Bits.*

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly  
Magazine No. 53

FOR

MAY

Brimful of Fun from Cover to Cover

Over Seventy Illustrations

by the

BEST COMIC ARTISTS

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All newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

FAIR AMATEUR.—The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words?

HERO.—Yes, all except the part where I kiss you. I guess we had better rehearse that again.—*Chicago Daily News.*

### OFFENSIVE ADVICE.

"Madam," said the medical man, gravely, "you must practice filling your lungs with deep breaths of pure air."

"An' bust the smithereens out of my new Direct'ry gown," sniffed the lady. "I think I see myself!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

# Pears'

Pears' Soap is the  
great alchemist. Women  
are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.



HORS DU COMBAT.

"Blithers is pretty good at poker unless there's too much to drink."

"Loses his head?"

"In a way—gets so full he can't look vacant, you know."

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

WHEN Bonaparte Blubell announced his engagement to Lily Doe everybody in the blacksmith's shop congratulated him on winning such a hard-working and forehanded mate. But Erastus Coke remarked:

"Peared lak you would n't never speak up, Bonaparte. It's going on six months sence you begun to fiddle roun' Lily."

"Dat's so," Bonaparte frankly admitted, "but I did n't lose mah job till las' night."—*The Argonaut.*

## Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



### DELIGHTED.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," remarked Lightwit, meeting Sharp at a reception the other evening.

"That's right, my boy," rejoined Sharp, extending his hand, "but I'm delighted to see you here, just the same."—*Chicago Evening News.*

An ardent golfer, by way of a joke, dropped a golf ball into a nest his ancient parrot had built in the corner of her cage. Polly sat with exemplary patience on her novel egg, and appeared pretty well heart-broken when the weeks went by and she found herself unrewarded. At last, parrot flesh and blood could stand it no longer. A terrible screeching brought her owner downstairs at three o'clock one morning.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he asked, as he noticed the bird's beak was chipped trying to get at the egg's interior.

"Matter!" screeched the bird. "Great Scott! I'm bunkered!"—*Tit-Bits.*

AFTER SHAVING

# PONDS EXTRACT

Relieves Irritation

Prevents Inflammation

Assures Comfort

Used by Men of Discrimination Everywhere

Write for interesting book, Shaving Essentials—mailed free on request.

LANCET, COLEMAN & CO., Sole Agents, New York

PERFECTLY PROPER.

"The stationary dance is the latest."

"How now?"

"The young man sits in the conservatory with his arm around the girl's waist. The chaperon is there, too."

"Why the chaperon?"

"To see that he removes his arm when the music stops."—*Washington Herald.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

"FATHER, what are wrinkles?"

"Fretwork, my son, fretwork."—*Independent.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 50 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order

"SAV, Pa, what's a pietist?"

"A Bostonian, my son. Now run away and play."—*The Bellman.*

**Shine on!**

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keepers' Friend**

keeps it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals and wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 5c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 900 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO.  
LOUISVILLE



#### TURNING THE TABLES.

He was a terribly "short" man, but he knew a real live business woman when he saw her. She was applying for a situation as stenographer and typewriter, and he turned upon her a rapid fire of questions:

"Talk slang?"  
"No, sir."  
"Know how to spell cat and dog correctly?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Use the telephone every other minute!"

"No, sir."  
"Usually tell everybody in the office how much the firm owes and all the rest of the private business you learn?"

"No, sir."  
He was thinking of something else to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few queries.

"Smoke cigars when you're dictating?"

"Why—er—no!" he gasped in astonishment.  
"Slam things about when business is bad?"

"No."  
"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation

# Pure good old RED TOP RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS  
CINCINNATI O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.



to appreciate a good typewriter when you get one?"

"I—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that—"

He interrupted her enthusiastically:

"Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."—*Tit-Bits.*

#### A LITTLE SLOW.

"How's collections at your church, Brudder Shinn?"

"Well, we ain't nebber had to stop in de middle ob a collection to go an' empty de box."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

#### CHILLING HER ARDOR.

"I saw a perfect dream of a hat to-day," said Mrs. Musthaveit.

"Well, just remember that you are no Sleeping Beauty," replied Musthaveit, who was in an ugly mood.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. H. PECK.—Life is full of contradictions.

MRS. P.—And I say it isn't.—*Phila. Star.*

# Collar Button Insurance



Means that if a

## Krementz Collar Button

is broken or damaged from any cause, you can take it to the nearest dealer who is authorized to exchange it for a new one

### Free of Cost

We insure all Krementz buttons because they are so well made that not one in ten thousand ever breaks. Solid gold and rolled plate, at all dealers. When dealer fails to supply you write us giving dealer's name.

Booklet showing shapes and sizes free.

KREMENTZ & CO.

61 Chestnut Street

NEWARK, N. J.

#### AND SHE NEVER LET GO.

It was a wizened little man who appeared before the judge and charged his wife with brutal and abusive treatment. His better half was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye.

"In the first place, where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

# BUNNER'S Short Stories



H.C. Bunner

#### SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

#### The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

#### Made in France

Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

#### The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

Five Volumes, in Cloth, - \$5.00  
or separately:

Per Volume, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address:

PUCK, New York.



#### AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

GUEST.—So the old house on this place was one of Washington's headquarters, was it? Did General Washington really stop here?

WAITER (new but loyal).—Yessir; often. The General used to be very fond of our forty-cent table d' hôte with wine.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



## A Bottled Delight Club Cocktails

Ever wanted a cocktail, and found that gin, vermouth or whiskey had run out? This never happens with CLUB COCKTAILS in the house.

Keep a bottle on hand and have the best cocktail in the world always ready for serving.

Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford New York  
London



### WOMAN'S WAY.

To clean the house  
She now begins,  
And dad expects  
To bark his shins  
Upon a rocking chair;  
When to his room  
He starts to grope,  
He's bound to trip  
Upon the soap  
She's left upon the stair.

For it is woman's  
Way, I ween,  
When home she's  
Started in to clean  
The paths man has to tread,  
To barricade  
In manner grim,  
And make it hazardous  
For him  
To journey up to bed.  
—Detroit Free Press.

### METHOD.

BIG SISTER.—Now, look here, Bobby, whenever I sing for the company, you yell. Are n't you ashamed? Why do you act so?

LITTLE BROTHER.—Because when I yell you stop singin', and pa gives me ten cents.—Cleveland Leader.

### Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

## GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine par excellence. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.  
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.



### MARY'S ANIMAL SHOW.

Mary had a little lamb —  
"T was Persian — on her coat;  
She also had a mink or two  
About her dainty throat;  
A bird-of-paradise, a tern,  
And ermine made the hat  
That perched at jaunty angle  
On her coiffure, largely "rat."  
Her tiny boots were sable-topped,  
Her gloves were muskrat, too,  
Her muff had heads and tails of half  
The "critters" in the Zoo.  
And when she walked abroad, I ween,  
She feared no wintry wind;  
At keeping warm, 't was plain to see,  
She had all Nature "skinned."  
—Lippincott's.

### GOOD ADVICE.

"Now that you are married, my son, listen to me."

"What is it, Dad?"

"Try to be a husband, not merely an ex-bachelor." —Washington Herald.

HUBBY (modestly).—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me.

WIFEY (sarcastically).—Is that so? You were taken by mistake, if anything. —Kansas City Journal.

Established 1810

## OLD OVERHOLT RYE



Bottled in Bond, it goes direct, in its natural condition, to the consumer in bottles sealed with U. S. Government stamps. Not less than four years old and 100 proof when bottled, there is nothing quite so good as OLD OVERHOLT RYE.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

First aid to the host.  
Fine at meal time  
—all times.

## BLATZ BEER

MILWAUKEE



The one notable achievement in brewing.

The veritable fulfillment of beer character, quality and healthfulness.

Always the same  
Good Old Blatz.

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.  
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Write the VAL. BLATZ BREWING Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled: "A Genial Philosopher."

### THE ONLY WAY.

"We all make blunders. I thought once I was a square peg when I was really a round one."

"How did you find out your mistake?"

"I got into a hole!" —Boston Transcript.

TOMMY.—Pop, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, is n't he?

TOMMY'S POP.—Yes, my son.

TOMMY.—And what does he call himself afterward?

TOMMY'S POP.—I'd hate to tell you, my son. —Philadelphia Record.

### JERRY.

The cassowary is a bird  
That's hard to capture, very.  
Folks hunting for her plumes have made  
The cassowary wary.

—Kansas City Times.

## Evans' Ale

STANDS FOR

High Thinking  
AND  
Pure Drinking

"WHAT is the duty on Salome costumes under the new tariff?"

"I don't know; but all who wear those things neglect their duty." —The Meddler.



FALSE PRETENSES.

MRS. HYUP.—I was so disappointed in Dr. Pullem!

MRS. HYER.—In what respect?

MRS. HYUP.—I understood he was a great bridge expert, but he was only a dentist.



PUCK  
ROOFS  
LEASE  
ARTICULAR  
EOPLE

Send Ten Cents for Catalogue  
with over Seventy Miniature  
Reproductions.

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

295-309 Lafayette Street

# THE HARDY ANNUAL

JUST as sure as summer and as certain as the spring,  
Come the tailors' dicta as to what's The Proper Thing.  
Thus *The Tailors' Budget* and *The Cutters' Magazine*:  
"Blues and blacks are going out—colors will be seen;  
Men are sick of sombre hues and grays as dull as lead;  
Yellow will be popular—also green and red.  
This is Fashion's *dernier cri*—this is absolute."  
Heed it? No, we go and buy

A Blue Serge Suit.



Every year we read about the colors new and strange;  
Every year we say: "At last there's going to be a change  
Every year we glory in the dash that we shall cut  
Promenading proudly in our purple garments; BUT—  
Just as we're about to pick one sure to make a splurge,  
Every year we say: "I guess I'll get another serge."  
Why the thing is thus and so, no one can compute—  
Why does everybody buy

A Blue Serge Suit?



Every year the funny styles in oranges and greens  
Gain tremendous favor—in the fashion magazines—  
And, as has been hinted in the verses that precede,  
Every year we read of them and pay no bit of heed.  
Every year we tell the tailor: "Show me something new,  
Something up-to-datey, of a variegated hue."  
But every year we travel on the Least Resistance Route  
And say: "You'd better make me up  
A Blue Serge Suit."

Franklin P. Adams.



GORDON CRANT